DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Remember, Boys Make Men.

When you see a ragged urchin
Standing wistful in the street.
With torn hat and kneeless trousers,
Dirty face and bare, red feet
Pass not by the child unheeding;
Smile upon him. Mark me, when
He's grown he'll not forget it;
For remember, boys make men.

When the buoyant, youthful spirits
Overflow in boyish freak,
Chide your child in gentle accents;
Do not in your anger speak,
You must sow in youthful bosoms
Seeds of tender mercy; then
Plants will grow and bear good fruitage
When the erring boys are men.

Have you never seen a grandsire,
With his eye aglow with joy,
Bring to mind some act of kindness—
Something said to him, a boy?
Or relate some slight or coldness,
With a brow all clouded, when
He said they were too thoughtless
To remember boys make men.

Let us try to add some pleasure
To the life of every boy;
For each child needs tender interest
In its sorrow and its joy,
Call your boys home by its brightness;
They avoid a gloomy den,
And seek for comfort elsewhere;
And remember, boys make men.

—*Ex.*

JANITOR JOE.

He was Janitor Joe to the many hundred employers of the Warren Woolen Mills. A plain honest fellow, with a big heart reflected in his cheery smile. Each morning he would greet them with a bright word or a nod, and every evening he would wave them a farewell. To them he was only a symapathetic fellow, cast in their mold, from which he would never rise. Perhaps Mr. Kent, the genial manager, looked upon the man in the same manner until one morning he entered into conversation with him.

"Hello Joe, you look rather worn to-day. I am afraid that you were running around and had a good time last night. You had better sober down."

"No, indeed, Mr. Kent. I do not do anything of that kind. I did a little work last night which kept me up rather late than usual. I was so interested in it I had to finish."

"Why, what kind of work could have kept you up? Are you building a chicken coop, or something of the sort?"

No sir, I got stuck on a problem in trig, and that worried me until I got it. Then I got interested in Virgil, and that is what made me so late."

"Interested in what?" questioned the amazed manager. "What are you doing, reading Virgil? How long have you been doing this sort of work at nights?

"For about two years, sir. When my father died I was in the high school, but I had to quit and go to work. I tried to get something which would teach me a trade or profession, but times are hard and this was the best I could get I determined not to quit studying, so I have been working at nights. I want to be a teacher some day and that is why I study so. Mother is sick and I want to earn enough money to buy her things."

"Well, of all the things!" said Mr. Kent. "Who would have ever thought you were made of such stuff. I don't mean anything, my boy, but we are so used to Janitor Joe that I never supposed you were such a man. We can't always see below the surface. You won't be here long, I can tell you that. I will keep my eye on you and help you all I can. Such grit as that will surely win out. Good morning."

Mr. Kent went to his office and was soon deep in the business of the firm. They were contemplating the buying of a large quantity of raw material from a large concern in the south and he and the president were to confer that morning with representatives of the concern. Mr. Morgan was already in the office awating the manager. In a few minutes the represenatives came in. Janitor Joe was engaged in washing the windows at the farther end of the room and his presence was not noticed.

The two visitors were of German descent, for whenever they talked to each other they used the German tongue. At last after a long conference, one of them made an offer to the president.

"You see, Mr. Morgan, we can't give you this stuff at less than ten cents a yard wholesale, because the freight rate from our factory in the South here is high. By the time we deducted the freight, we would not gain a cent. And we have a little to make, you know, as well as you"

"Well," said Mr. Morgan, "there is some truth in what you say, I know from experience that the rate is too high. Come, we will give you nine and one half cents a yard, will you sell for that."

The two men lapsed into their native language and discussed the matter for a while. Finally they came to a decision and the elder one said:

"We will take your order at that price, and the goods will be delivered as soon as possible. Will you draw up the contract now?"

Mr. Kent was about to fill the contract when Janitor Joe dropped his mop and ran excitedly forward.

"Mr. Morgan, Mr. Kent, listen to me. Don't buy from them. Give me a chance to explain and I can show you what they are doing. Just give me a chance for a minute."

The two representatives looked threateningly at Joe, and the president replied, angrily:

"What do you mean, rascal, insulting the gentlemen this way? Get out of here and never come back."

"Wait a moment," interposed Mr Kent, "let us hear what he has to say. Then if he is at fault I will not ask any more. But I think there is something crooked in this deal We have never paid this sum for raw goods before. Speak, Joe, what is the matter?"

"It is this way," said Joe, encouraged by Mr. Kent's kind words "I can speak German pretty well, and I understood what these men said to each other when they were discussing the proposition. They can afford to sell at your price because they will send the goods from their branch factory in the West. The freight rate is considerably lower from the West than from the South. You did not know that they had a branch out there. The contract would be signed and it would be too late for you to change."

"Is that true? gasped the astonished president. "Kent, look up the freight rates and see if what this young man says is straight. I remember now that there is a branch factory near Chicago."

"That from the West is considerably the cheaper," answered the manager, after investigation. "We can buy the same goods there at seven cents a yard. These men were trying to cheat us."

"You gentlemen," said Mr. Morgan, with emphasis on the word, "may go now. Hereafter we will have no dealings with your factory. We do no crooked work ourselves, nor do we care to deal with those who do. Good morning." Then he turned to Janitor Joe and learned from him the story Kent had heard earlier. "Come to my office to-night after work. You have saved the firm nearly five hundred dallars. I will have something to tell you then."

Joe returned to his work and the incident was closed. At dinner time the young man, who lived near the factory, went home. He told his mother of the affair. She at once begun to worry; thinking that Mr. Morgan would resent his interference.

"Mother, do you think he will be angry with me for saving him all that money? No indeed. He will probably give me five or ten dollars and then forget all about it. I have begun to think that I will be Janitor Joe all my life, in spite of the study ing I do."

Now, don't get discouraged, my boy. He may not be angry with you. I was foolish to worry so. Run back to work now and forget all about it. You did what was right, and that is what I want you to do always."

After work that everning Joe marched up to the office. He was a little fearful that Mr. Morgan might resent the way he had spoken it the morning, but he felt there had been nothing else to do. The two men were deceiving his employers and it was his duty to tell them. But his fears were groundless, for the president met him with a smile and shook his hand.

"So you are studying at night to rise in the world? Well, your self-taught knowledge of German has saved us a considerable sum. Mr. Kent here has been telling me about you How far are you advanced?"

Joe told his employer how far he had gone in the high school and what progrees he had made on his own behalf. Half an hour later he walked from the building with his head high in the air and his feet scarcely seeming to touch the ground. His apprenticeship was over at last.

His mother was dismayed to see him roll his overalls into a bundle and put them in the stove. She held up her hands in astonishment. "Joe, don't tell me that you have lost your place," she cried."

"Yes, mother, I have lost that job. But don't worry any more; good times are here. Look, here are my wages for the rest of this week and all of next; only I don't go back there any more."

"Why, what has happened? I can see by your face that it is something good."

"Yes, mother. Mr. Morgan has offered me a position as tutor to his two boys. Now we can have all kinds of good things, and a doctor to make you well. Isn't that fine? I am the luckiest boy on earth."

"It is not luck, my son," said the mother with happy tears in her eyes, "it was pluck that brought us this and that pluck will make my boy succeed in this world."

And she was right. It was his grit and perseverance in sticking to his studies when he longed for a good time that had at last enabled him to drop forever his title, "Janitor Joe."—*The Classmate.*

A Bloodless Victory by Sign Language.

Brig. Gen. Hugh L. Scott, chief of staff of the United States army, is a baldheaded man with a jolly, red face, and humorous eyes twinkling behind gold-rimmed spectacles. In the course of an interview with a Chicago reporter for one of the big dailies, Gen. Scott told how he succeeded in averting bloodshed with hostile Indians during Col. Custer's regime.

"It is not his first. In 1878, when he was a second lieutenant in the famous Seventh Cavalry—Custer's old command—he conducted his first peace conference by means of the sign language with the Cheyenne Indian chiefs in the Black Hills of the Dakotas. After the conference the Indians washed the war paint from their faces. A serious outbreak had been prevented.

"Scott calmed the Indians in Arizona in 1908, and in 1911 he persuaded the Hopi Indians to turn from the war path. In 1913 he held pow-wows with the unruly Navajo chieftains in New Mexico. Through conducting these conferences by means of the sign language, Gen. Scott won the name among the Indians as 'Mole Tequop'—'He talks with his hands.'"

Southern Dioceses.

Rev. O. J. Whildin, *General Missionary.*
W. 1436 Lanvale St., Baltimore, Md.

Principal Mission Stations.

Baltimore—Grace Chapel, Park Ave. and Monument St. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 3:15 P.M.

Washington, D. C.—St. Barnabas Mission, Holy Trinity, 3d and C. Streets, N. W. Rev. H. C. Merrill, Assistant. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 11 A.M.

Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Matthew's Church for the Deaf, Mr. J. C. Bremer, Lay-reader. Services every Sunday, 3 P.M.

Durham, N. C.—St. Philip's Church, Bible Class meetings, every Sunday, 9:30 A.M., Miss Robina Tillinghast, Parish Visitor. Services, every Sunday, 3 P.M. Mr. Roma Fortune, Lay-Reader.

New Orleans, La.—St. Paul's Church, Camp and Gainne Streets, Rev. H. L. Tracy, Assistant. Services monthly.

The General Missionary visits the above and numerous other stations in the South upon such occasions as are appointed and locally made known. The Missionary will be glad to confer with any one desiring to assist in the work of the Mission.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.

Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.
Miss Clara L. Steidemann, Sunday School Teacher and Social Helper.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Weekday social and literary meetings on first and third Fridays, at 8 P.M.
Other services and meetings by special appointment.
The deaf cordially invited.
Minister's address: 2606 Virginia Avenue.

National Association of the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

President	*Secretary*	*Treasurer*
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W. S. Root, of Seattle, Wash.
Walter G. Durian, Hartford, Ct.
John H. Keiser, New York.

OFFICIAL.

We have fake beggars on the run
Throughout the blooming nation,
We'll get each State to legislate
Against thy vain vocation;
The "deef an' dum," oh! dum their hide,
Will have to go in hiding,
And mend their ways,
Else ninety days
They'll spend in jail abiding.

And still the good work goes on apace. Not a mail comes to this frontier outpost without bringing glad tidings of great joy. For instance, Seely, of Omaha, sends clippings to show two "deaf" beggars were caught burglarizing in the dead of night and, being unmasked, were sent up for nice long breathing spells Stewart, of Connelsville, Pa., a perfect stranger whose heart is in the right place, writes enclosing fifteen cents for 500 red stickers to paste up on telegraph poles and other handy places; Hanson (imagine the ex-President of the N. A. D. lowering himself to report to a "common deef-moot," but Hanson is a modest man void of false pride) writes he visited a suspect in the Seattle jail, who had refused to talk during three day's incarceration, and by keeping up a steady fire of kindly verbal argument finally caused the fakir to shout: "Oh! shut up for Gosh sake; yes, I will give in, only *shut up!*" Down in Alabama, McFarlane writes his measure, if debated on favorably by the hoary headed Sons of the Confederacy, has a chance of becoming a law about 1950, but it's on its way; and even Canada is sending in jubiliant yelps.

It's most encouraging, all that "we're-with-you, brother," sort of dope in one mail. And day after day. Answering it, sending out munitions of war, and devising new schemes takes so much time, the Bureau is not going ahead as fast as it might, but it's progress is none the less steady and sure.

Some may perhaps censure me for straying outside the prescribed confines of this country, and enlisting Canadian co operation, but the hearty accord with which the Canuks seized on the hints, and proceeded to organize their own Impostor Police under the leadership of the editor of *The Deaf Canadian*, Toronto, is well worth the time and postage sent.

The fourth Impostor Bill to pass both branches of a State legislature and become a law was Rev. Cloud's measure, which was officially signed March 24th.

The petition scheme, original with the St. Louis chieftain, proved irresistible, and the measure went through with a whiz. Some of the deaf shy at writing personal letters to busy legislators, but when it comes to a matter of signatures and addresses only, they know how to make their mark. Rev. Cloud hired his youngest son to go out and secure signatures to the petition, restricting him to persons of standing in the community, business men, doctors, etc. The list of names young Cloud turned in a couple of days later, nearly broke his dad, who had promised one cent a name, but made the fate of the measure a dead certainty.

The first official report of failure comes under date of March 23d, announcing the Arkansas Impostor Bill, introduced as soon as the session of the General Assembly convened, was crowded out by the flood as local measures. Chief J. Holbrook Eddy is sanguine the present statutes are sufficiently strong to make impostorism a losing game whenever attempted, but will begin right away to lay plans for getting his measure through the next session of the Assembly.

Mr. J. F. Meagher:—Your roasting epistle to the Journal set me going in the old Nutmeg State, and I formulated a bill and had given it to a Senator to introduce. He asked me if the ground was not already covered and advised me to ask the local prosecuting attorney. He thought the general law of obtaining money under false pretense covered the field thoroughly, and was opposed to loading down the law books with specific statutes like this. Thereupon I withdrew the proposed bill as apparently superfluous.

Very truly yours,
Edward Perkins Clarke.

The above from the Impostor catching Superintendent of the State Free Employment Agency located in Hartford, is self-explanatory. Mayhap the point is well taken. Be that as it may, Chief Durian is requested to keep in a scrapbook or something similar, a list of all suspects taken between now and the meeting of his next Legislature, together with penciled notations as to the disposal of each case. If the present statute proves efficient, well and good. If a majority of the mendicants get off with free skins, or receive merely nominal punishment, this Bureau will take pains to convince the proper parties of their error, and see that the newspapers are apprised somebody's crass stupidity allowed the self-supporting taxpayers of Connecticut—for two more years—to be swindled out of several thousand dollars by healthy mendicants for whose punishment there is no suitable statute.

Connecticut's case is almost similar to Montana's where Miss Harlan, a deaf girl whose father was formerly State Senator, sponsored a measure.

That makes four successful attempts and three failures for the Bureau to date, a batting average of .571. It is up to Illinois, Ohio, etc., to see that we reach the .750 mark or McGraw may send some of his pinch hitters back to the bushes.

"Grandpop" W. O. Connor, Superintendent of the Georgia State School, and a veteran of the Confederate army, writes for dope and volunteers to get an impostor measure through the session convening in June. Snowy-haired "Grandpop" would be remembered and spoken reverently of through the working of his law long after joining his old comrades, even had he no other claim to the love and veneration of the deaf.

What makes the sacrifice of the merry old warrior more conspicuous is that his State is one of the fourteen still without official representation on the Bureau.

The working arrangement of the Bureau is finally outlined herewith:

One National Director, at headquarters.
A Chief in *each State* who will appoint,
Several Marshals, to command section of their State, and
One or more Deputies in every city, town and hamlet.

These Deputies will be appointed either by the Marshal for their district, or by the Chief himself, and are answerable direct to said Chief and Marshal.

The State Chief is supreme. He selects his own force of assistants and is responsible for them. The Director works all the time to assist but does not interfere in the slightest.

This prevents friction and in the case of poor results shows unerringly where the weak links are. Should a Deputy prove slothful and inefficient it will be the duty of the Marshal or Chief to remove him and appoint some one who will secure results.

Likewise incompetent Marshals are removable by Chiefs, and do-nothing Chiefs by the Director. The Director himself will be summarily fired by the President of the N. A. D. as soon as he shows signs of going to sleep on the job, for such a huge task demands every worker must do his best at all times.

Cards, or Credentials, have been printed and mailed to the various State Chiefs, 600 for Deputies and 200 for Marshals. Working instructions are printed on the reverse of the cards as follows:—

Bureau members are supposed to

1—Have arrested all "deaf" beggars in your vicinity.
2—See suspects are unmasked and properly *convicted*. (Do not run them out of town. Dump yours on surrounding communities and they dump theirs back on you, taking in $5 to $30 per day meanwhile.)
3—Keep the newspapers informed of the true facts.
4—Interview heads of police and detective departments, judges, Prosecuting Attorneys, etc., etc., and secure their co-operation.
5—Boost the N. A. D. at all times.

"THE DEAF DO NOT BEG"

There are several surprises on the Bureau roll; Cloud with his originality, McNeilly with his unfathomed capacity for work. Waring for his interest, writing several letters a week, etc., but the plume for organization must go to Howson, of California. Although already loaded down with details of the great Convention, being one of the moving fingers of that big undertaking, he has managed to find time to organize his State in full accord with the plan finally adopted even before it was fully announced, and this in spite of many discouragements. In fact the plan might almost be said to be his own idea.

The map Chief Howson sends into headquarters, neatly traced, shows the State divided into four large districts with a Marshal in each. The deaf population is indicated by colored shading, yellow for scattered population, blue for a moderate number of deaf persons bunched, and red denoting the large colonies—San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, etc.

When Mr. Howson does not know the best man for a Marshal's card he writes the deaf club of that vicinity in full and lets them elect their own representative. This not only forestalls cries of favoritism, but puts everyone under a moral obligation to give their full and free assistance to the man of their own selection.

Their cards give the holders a ready hearing in court and elsewhere, and later, the nation will be flooded with a concise statement of the facts of the impostor game—that is, if sufficient funds are available.

California is waiting to welcome you, are you coming?

J. Frederick Meagher,
Director.

Box B, Vancouver, Wash.
April 26, 1915.

Deaf-Mute Admits He is a Burglar

"I felt sorry that I disobeyed my mother and father. I am bad wrong. I will became good boy. I will pray Jesus every night. God will bless me. I will be happy."

The foregoing words are the concluding ones of the confession signed by Clarence S. Bearse, alias Jacob Caroll, the deaf-mute, who was arrested on suspicion early yesterday morning by Detective Wren and who has been one of the most puzzling prisoners at the city jail. That he was a burglar and a forger was corroborated today on the arrival of Detective Ernest S Bradford, of the Massachusetts district police. Detective Bradford left this afternoon for Hyannis, Mass., with Bearse.

Bearse, who is a dime novel fiend and moving picture fan, passed at least three forged checks, using blank checks he had stolen from his employers, Finny Bros., in Hyannis. They were for $12, $14 and $20. With this money he came to New York and had the time of his life. He was penniless when picked up here.

According to Detective Bradford, Bearse worked at the docks in Hyannis, pushing a wheelbarrow for Finney Bros., fishermen. He also worked around the office, making the fire in the morning and doing other chores. On Friday morning, April 2, Mr. Finney found that the office had been entered overnight and 27 blank checks had been stolen from a book. Nothing else was taken. As the thief had entered by unlocking the door, suspicion at once rested on Bearse.

A visit to Bearse's parents' home in the woods near Hyannis proved that the young man had run off that night. Monday Finney Bros. discovered that a check drawn on their account has been passed by Bearse at Middleboro, Mass., for the sum of $12. Several other checks were passed, one at Providence for $20 and another at New London for $14.

How the deaf-mute succeeded in inveigling the merchants at these places to accept the worthless checks without any endorsement is a wonder to Detective Bradford. The last check was received on Thursday. Nothing then was heard of Bearse until the detective got word yesterday of his arrest here. He immediately wired in reply to hold Bearse until he arrived.

Bearse's family are very poor, Bradford said, and subsist partially on charity from the Hyannis people. The mother is a very masculine woman, she doing the plowing and other work at the home while her husband, an effeminate man, staying indoors, darns the stockings and sews, cooks and washes. Young Bearse spent three years at a school for deaf and dumb people in New Haven, where he learned to read and write, and talk the sign language. On returning home to Hyannis after getting an education his first act was to break into a jewelry store and steal fifteen watches and thirty rings. He started to give these away to girl acquaintances. This soon resulted in his capture. The court dealt leniently with him, letting him go on probation.

Bradford said that Bearse is an inveterate dime novel reader and moving picture goer, from which two sources he has imbibed his ideas about burglary. In his confession, Bearse tells of going to New York, of visiting the movies there and of arranging to get married, of being jilted after giving the prospective bride $15 for a wedding dress, and then with his money all gone, he tells as follows how he feigned having been robbed so as to play on the sympathies of the New York police and obtain more funds.

"I went to Hotel Calvert hotel to go to bed. I paid two dollars to man two nights. I wrote on the books my false name is Charles Nickerson last night I thought of a plan. I pretend any policemen when I walked a little way. I looked any people nothing and fall down on the step sidewalk near house. I lay down still. When I saw one man come back to me. I quicked shut my eyes. The man found me that he took match out of his pocket and scratched it on his leg and lighted at my face. He shook me little hard. I did not opened my eyes. I keep on shutting my eyes. He ran to policeman. They walked toward me. He shook me too hard. I began to open eyes. I told policeman that the thieft man stole three hundred and 20 dollars are gone. The policeman believed to me that he told me to go to detective bureau house last night.

"I told him about thieft. I pretended him because I want more money. I thought that he will give me some money. I wrote note how to do truth. I made mistake that broke truth. I felt began to grow bad in my heart. I am sorry. I am guilty. I talked detective men about thieft when two men carried check to them. I saw check is under name Albert Dirt. I was frightened that I do know they will arrest me when I walked a little way, I quickened and ran away.

"I know Mr. Bradford will come back here to bring me back jail in Barnstable. I must obey him. My father and mother heard about I went to jail. They will discourage too much. I think that my mother is very suffer. Her heart was discourage. Perhaps she will break her heart. When she will die. I will discourage too much or heart broke. I think I will die because I can't my life. I am satisfied that I confessed all of it. I have no trouble. I never steal anythings again. I decided that I will hate bad. I am trying to be a good boy. I felt sorry that I disobeyed my mother and father. I am bad wrong. I will became good boy. I will pray Jesus every night. God will bless me. I will be happy."
—*Mt. Vernon Argus, April 14.*

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. C. O. Dantzer, *Pastor*, 3325 N. 19th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday, 3:00 P.M., Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.
Morning Prayer—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M.
Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the first, 3:00 P.M.
Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.
Clerc Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.
Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.
Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, MAY 6, 1915.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, *Editor.*

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year - - $1.00

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race"

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

A WORD or two about the railroad route selected by the National Association of the Deaf as its "official route" to San Francisco.

The National Fraternal Society has also chosen the same "official route" to its convention in Omaha.

Both organizations begin the journey officially at Chicago. Any route to Chicago, but from Chicago over the Chicago and North Western Railway. If you purchase tickets by any other route, you will be isolated from the big crowd of ladies and gentlemen bound for the San Francisco Convention. You will lose the benefits and privileges of the sightseeing stop-overs. You will lose the companionship that adds so much to the pleasure of travel and makes the long days seem short.

Remember, also, that you must decide upon a return route before starting, otherwise the cost will be greater. Go by the "official route," but buy your ticket for the going trip and the homeward journey at the same time. You can have a choice of several return routes at no extra cost.

The Editor of the JOURNAL would be glad to have a list of all the prospective deaf tourists who intend to leave by the Chicago and North Western Railway on July 11th. The names will not be published without permission of the individuals sending them. The object is to make sure of ample accommodation on the special train that leaves Chicago on Friday night, July 11th, at ten o'clock.

A special booklet is being prepared which will contain useful information relating to the itinerary of the "official train." Mr. A. L. Roberts, Secretary of the National Association of the Deaf will send a copy to members of the Association. If possible, we will secure a hundred of these booklets for the benefit of the deaf who contemplate attending the Convention at San Francisco.

The Call of Spring.

The call of spring is in the breeze—
The call to seek the winding stream;
To lie beneath the waving trees
And watch the passing clouds—and dream.
To dream? Perchance to wake in wonder.
As o'er the stream, serene but sloppy,
There comes a call like distant thunder—
The usual demand for "Copy!"
—*California News.*

The call of spring is in the breeze—
The call to sing some vernal theme,
To chase such frisky lines as these
That use up paper by the ream.
To muse, outstretched upon the sod,
Perchance to lean 'gainst some cool rock
Until the head begins to nod—
Then comes a call that brings the "doc!"
—*Talladega Messenger.*

The call of spring is in the breeze—
For rubber shoon and cravenette—
And though the buds swell on the trees
The air is chilly, dank and wet.
Ere long the blessed sun will shine,
And summer's warmth will comes again,
Then, Ho for California's clime,
To garner health and squander yen.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

At the present moment, the condition of affairs at Kendall Green is, to use the villainous idiom of the prowler of the highways, "duller'n dishwater." Therefore I write of things which have been and things which are to be, but are not. Hiro, I have spoken!

The past week has been one fraught with momentous happenings in the college athletic world. The Gallaudet baseball team has crossed bats with two invading armies, and has managed to get an even break in the luck, taking the first frame handily by a score of 1—0, and dropping the second clash by a 5—2 margin, in a game which was largely interspersed with errors, and with the team having four substitutes in the line-up.

In track athletics, the Buff and Blue has fared rather badly. Pursuant to custom, Gallandet sent a team to the University of Pennsylvania Relay Carnival, held at Philadelphia, on Saturday, April 24th. The Kendall Greeners were matched with other colleges in the same class, among which were their dearest enemies, the Maryland Aggies.

The Aggies, sullen and resentful over the lickings administered them by Gallaudet, in both football and baseball, were having their last chance at the Buff and Blue this year, and they knew it. With them it was now or never. Could they break the hemp in front of the last Gallaudet man? If not it was *finis* for them, and that they knew, also. Therefore, they snarled and showed their fangs in anticipation. And who can say, but that they were counting their chickens with care? Avien sabe?

As it turned out, Gallaudet got a bad break in the luck at the very outset, drawing a poor position on the track. Then, too, the Kendall Greeners averaged but 54½ seconds for the 440 yd. route, while the Farmers were nearer the fifty four mark. Thus, after a race of which Gallaudet may be justly proud, the four lone representatives of the Buff and Blue were nosed out by the Marylanders. It was a great race? The Gallaudet team was composed of Moore, '15; Treuke, '17; Davis, '17, and Mellis, '18.

The weather at Kendall Green has been growing hotter, and then a little more so. The last time we took a look at the thermometer, the mercury was trying to blow off the top of the tube, and it was one of "Fahrenheit's Extra Best" ones, at that!

'Pears to me, it is about time to dig out our last year's "straws," and give 'em an airing. Still, we don't see anybody falling over themselves in their efforts to be the first to inaugurate the straw hat fad—they know what a guying they will get from the rest of the bunch. Besides, an esteemed member of the Faculty, who is regarded as an expert on the subject, tells us that it isn't warm enough yet. Whew!

The Pulpit in Chapel Hall was occupied by Prof. H. E. Day, on Sunday afternoon, April 18th. Prof. Day spoke strongly and sympathetically, urging us to look forward, not backward; upward, not downward, or in other words, not to stop in the midst of life's highway to gloat over our past triumphs, but to push onward in quest of new worlds to conquer. Professor Day took full advantage of the many opportunities, offered to impress sound moral truths upon his audience. His signing was brisk and clear, and one could feel that he was driving steadily toward his object, as he usually does. That may be the reason why those who usually sleep thr the Chapel Services were so attentive.

On Friday evening, April 21st, the Literary Society opened its activities for the third term with the following well-arranged programme.

LECTURE—"Niagara Falls," by Rev. A. D. Bryant, '82.
DEBATE—"*Resolved*, That the college-man is superior in mental attainments and culture to the self-educated man." Affirmative—Mr. Cuscaden, '17, and Mr. Braddock, '18. Negative—Mr. Hladik, '17, and Mr. Gilbert, '18.
DIALOGUE—Messrs. A and R. Wenger, '18.
DECLAMATION—Mr. Shannon '16.
CRITIC—Mr. Foltz, '15.

Rev. Mr. Bryant's lecture was extremely interesting, being full of beautiful descripture passages. In your mind's eye, you could see Niagara, foaming on over its steepy cliffs, and feel the distant rumble of the cataract.

The debate was rather closely fought, being awarded to the affirmative side on points.

The Wenger Twins' dialogue (?) a burlesque exhibition of magic, was very funny.

BASE-BALL.

Gallaudet, 1. Ursinus, 0.

Gallaudet met one of the big northern institutions for the first time this year, when she tackled Ursinus on Garlic Field, Friday afternoon, April 23d. It turned out that the teams were pretty evenly matched, and after the first two frames the contest developed into a pitcher's battle, with "Big Six" Rassmussen always having a little of the best of it.

Neither team scored till the eighth chapter, when Gallaudet succeeded in jamming a run across the pan. This proved to be the winning margin, for no scores materialized during the rest of that inning, nor in the ninth.

The game was as pretty a one as we have seen here this season, if we exempt the M. A. C. game of two weeks ago. Errors were still in evidence, but the team showed an all-around improvement, notwithstanding the fact that there were three substitutes in the line up. Rassmussen pitched gilt-edged ball all the way, and had the Ursinus batters under his big thumb from first to last.

GALLAUDET	AB	R	PO	E
Rockwell, s.s.	4	1	3	0
Hetzler, 2b.	1	0	0	0
Marshall, 1b.	0	0	9	0
Rendall, c.	3	0	11	0
Pilliod, 3b.	4	0	0	1
Moore, r.f.	3	0	2	0
Peard, l.f.	3	0	1	0
Hladik, c.f.	3	0	1	0
Rasmu-sen, p	3	0	0	0
Total	28	1	27	2

URSINUS	AB	R	PO	E
Kennedy	4	0	3	0
Dienier	3	0	1	1
Adams	4	0	1	0
Mittering	4	0	1	0
Stugart	3	0	2	0
Miller	3	0	1	0
Kerr	3	0	10	0
Bowman	3	0	3	0
Peterson	2	0	2	1
Total	28	0	24	2

Ursinus	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Gallaudet	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	x	—1

Gallaudet, 2. Rock Hill College, 5.

The game played between Gallaudet and Rock Hill, at Elliott City, Md., on Saturday afternoon, was rather disappointing for the Buff and Blue's followers. We had hoped that the team would make a somewhat better showing, but with four second string men on the field, we could hardly have expected anything better.

Gallaudet owed her defeat to errors at inopportune moments, rather than to the stickwork of her opponents. It is the same old story. When the team learns to play error less ball, it will begin to really play the game, and not before.

GALLAUDET 5 LOYLOLA 7

In a hotly contested game, staged at Garlic Field on Thursday, April 29, Gallaudet was mowed down by the heavy artillery of Loyola College, of Baltimore, Md., but it took eleven innings, and a lot of discord among the Buff and Blue ranks, to do it. Coming, as it does, right on top of the Rock Hill fiasco, it marks Gallaudet's second straight defeat.

To those who have followed the doings of the team this year, the Buff and Blue appeared to be way off form. The nine seemed to be playing with less snap than usual, and there was an apparent inability to connect with the sphere at critical moments Moreover, there was a woeful lack of harmony in the team and at one or two stages a regular old-fashioned fi-t-fight seemed imminent.

Rasmussen seemed to have plenty of stuff on the ball, as far as we could see, and should have won on form had he received the support he deserved. Considering everything, there will have to be more team-work in evidence in future contests, or something will happen!

GALLAUDET, 2 MT. ST. JOSEPH, 5

In spite of Rassmussen's masterly twirling, Gallaudet suffered her third consecutive defeat on Saturday last, at the hands of Mt. St. Joseph's aggregation.

Although the team lost, its play was much improved, and there was more harmony in evidence. It appears that the "lacing-down" the players got after the Loyola game did them a world of good. At all events, the team made a more concerted effort to hold together and forget personal differences. Captain Rockwell should take great pride in the fact that not one error was registered against his team.

Mt. St. Joseph's was in the best of fettle, and very few teams could have stopped them at the pace they were setting. Their stick-work was much better than the Buff and Blue's, and they hit when hits were needed.

The feature of the game was Schowe's flying stop in left-field with two men on bases, and R. Moore's stick work, he bringing in one of Gallaudet's runs and helping in scoring the second one.

IMPORTANT

To The N. A. D. Members:—The programme of the coming convention at San Francisco is under preparation. Some have been approached for papers, and yet there may be some others who also desire to speak on some subjects of especial value or importance to the deaf in general. The latter are hereby invited to communicate with Mr. E. A. Hodgson, Station M, New York City, or Mr. J. Howson, of Berkeley, Cal., or the undersigned, at once.

PHILIP J. HASENSTAB,
Chairman Committee on Program.
3311 Calumet Ave.,

CHICAGO, ILL., May 1, 1915.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf in the Southern States, Illinois and Indiana.

J. W. MICHAELS, MINISTER IN CHARGE.

Services for the Deaf of all Denominations. Will answer all calls.
Address all mail to
BOX 96, FORT SMITH, ARK.

CALIFORNIA.

April 18th was the ninth anniversary of the burning of San Francisco. The day was made the occasion of a monumental celebration by San Francisco, and the splendid fighting spirit of her people could not have been better illustrated than the spectacle represented that day of a city arisen from the ash heap, celebrating not only her rebuilding but also the establishment of such a glorious exposition as this Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The entire community joined in a magnificent spectacle of thanksgiving and commemoration. This spirit prevailed all over California in general.

Like all other expositions, this one is contemporaneous, representing a decade in human progress. So much has been said and written about it in the superlative, in everything; some have even ventured to claim that no future exposition can ever surpass it As human progress is steadily developing into a finer and finer degree of perfection, so will each decade be more wonderful than the one preceding it, and so will each World's Fair be greater and still more wonderful than the last. Therefore, this San Francisco Exposition must eventually fall in line with the march of time—materially, at least.

Yet, for spirit and sentiment, this Exposition always shall hold it sown. It might be said to mark the apex of a triangle of human achievement, the other two points being the rebuilding of San Francisco and the completion of the Panama Canal. In less than a decade, a city laid waste by earthquake and fire rebuilds herself on a greater and more magnificent scale than she was before, and also finances and successfully conducts a $50,000,000 international exposition. In a world seemingly bent on destruction with this terrible war raging all over Europe, San Francisco and California have offered the one contrasting note of construction. This Panama Canal is the latest and most wonderful work of the mind and hand of man, which is going to change the history and the commerce of the world. Such a combination of epoch-making events, the world may not see again. It is not likely that another exposition ever will have its very atmosphere enhanced by such a coincidence of world events. We're too close to the facts now to appreciate the real worth of this San Francisco Fair, but time will take care of that.

So this April 18th was rightly the occasion of universal rejoicing. This spirit of whole-hearted enthusiasm is interwoven into the Exposition itself. All who visit it must feel that. Every convention that convenes on its grounds must necessarily partake of this spirit. Among these conventions will be that of the National Association of the Deaf itself.

The Cads acting as hosts with the rest of California will see that this Convention will be in keeping with the spirit of the Exposition. This Convention, of itself, ought to be something great. We are the stronger by over 600 since our last Convention, which means that the Association membership has been doubled almost in a year "The strength of the wolf is in the pack," says Kipling. "Dieu est toujours pour les plus gros bataillons," goes the French proverb;—God is always on the side of the largest battalions; the largest army has the best chance. (This probably has been Mr. Howard's motto.) The stronger we are, the more we can do, and at this convention, we'll see what we can do.

Somebody has said that the Californian believes he is the only fellow in the crowd who has anything worth celebrating. Well, he generally does have something worth celebrating, and he goes at it in great shape too. But the Californian also goes at things first with careful painstaking planning. This is what the 1915 Local Committee has been doing. Already they have everything planned out down to the last detail. One of the city's fine hotels will be at the disposal of the visiting Nads, at the most reasonable rates that could be had. The number of rooms to be had and rates have been published, and the Committee in charge of this matter is awaiting orders for reservations. It would greatly faciliate matters if all would attend to this at once, by communicating with Mr. Monroe Jacobs, 3116 Harper Street, Berkeley, California, stating preferences and sending the deposit. The laws of time economy and order are inexorable even in California. Things must be arranged ahead in California as elsewhere. It would also prove an economy in the matter of worry, on the part of the guest himself; once he has the satisfaction and assurance of comfortable quarters awaiting him, the better he can anticipate those great things the other Committees have in store for him.

WILDEY MITCHELL,
Mem. Local Bub'c'y. Com. N A. D.

Oralistic Statisties.

One of the greatest forces in the world is *truth*, and an infallable sign of a bad cause is the perversion of the *truth*. *Truth* is the chain which holds men together in every walk of life. The more we evidence it, the more we exercise it, the more we show that our work is based upon it, the more certain we may be of the permanence of what we achieve.

Rev. Francis Maginn's query "Is the Combined System Coming Down?" is pertinent, timely, and a correct inferrence from the statistics drawn from "The Teacher" which appears in Maginn's letter. The editorial comment by the JOURNAL on that letter, cannot fail to allay all fears of the friends of the deaf on that score. The Combined System never was stronger than it is to-day. It is a curious thing that the oralists should so delight in the idea of deception and presume upon a trustful public, whose knowledge of the disputed questions involved in the education of the deaf are necessarily limited, to shamelessly produce unsupported statistics and doctored to coincide with their views. These statistics mean nothing, as the JOURNAL statement abundantly proves.

The oralist makes an unwarranted assumption, and upon this he bases another, and another, puts them in figures and calls them "statistics." One is reminded of the ancient and cynical jest to the effect there are three kinds of lies—lies, infernal lies, and "statistics." To look at it in another way, the oralist puts down the biggest lie he can imagine as being true, under the assumption that all the preceding lies are true upon which the final lie is founded, and calls this final lie "statistics"—"proof" and "truth." When we get behind the curtain and see them at work, what dirty, contemptible creatures this species of oralists are!

The Combined System coming down? Why, its leaven has permeated the mass and the rise has just commenced in earnest—unmistakably, as according to the *American Annals of the Deaf*, during 1914, there were *ten thousand two hundred and ninety-two* pupils pursuing an educational course in the U. S. under the Combined System in the great State Institutions while in 1910 according to "The Teacher," there were only eight hundred more or less. Coming down? Rodents? Rather, it is bobbing up.

No African tribe deprived of its stuffed snake ever filled the air with clamor more dolorous than that with which the oralists are rending the the circumambient ether, because its blessed fetish—oralism, is bobbing down—decadent.

It has been said that "the devil could cite scripture for his purpose," and that he could, on occasion, "make the worse appear the better reason," and it seems, also, that some oralists, equally facile and ingenious, are always ready with "statistics," to sustain any position which it may be to their selfish interests to assume. I have before now referred to the apparently unfriendly attitude of the lay press towards the Combined System in this country. It now appears not confined here only, but obtains in England and on the Continent.

With the enlightened spirit which pervades the modern newspaper in almost all other directions, there ought, and must be some means of reaching the attention of those controlling the great publications, and getting them to, at least, do justice to the deaf. In one of the meetings of the State Associations, I forget just which one, a speaker referred to the "say nothing" policy, which seems to actuate the deaf, as a class, all over the land, and leads them to put up with almost every misrepresentation by the oralists, rather than come out boldly and defend what they know to be the proper method for educating their kind. Perhaps this is one of the reasons at the bottom of the indifference displayed towards the Combined System. If this is the case, the remedy is plain, and suggests itself to everyone.

Every time glaring misstatements regarding methods of teaching the deaf are being made, a few temperate protests, addressed to the newspapers giving facts, would in no great course of time produce a revulsion of sentiment in favor of the Combined System, especially if frequently repeated. The public is not naturally disposed to injustice toward the deaf or any other class of reputable citizens, but the slurs and falsehoods of the oralistic periodicals have been so often repeated, and are of such long standing, and that, too, without correction or denial—the school papers of the deaf never reach their eyes—that they have come to believe any story told against the Combined System. As what is everybody's business is notoriously nobody's business, why not make it a part of the duty of the Secretaries of the various State Associations of the Deaf to answer such attacks in the papers? Writing in their official capacities, they are pretty certain of a respectful hearing, and their words will be accepted as coming *ex cathedra*. It is worthy of a trial at any rate. By the way, what action has the Associations taken against those oralists whose diagnosis of vocal capacity of the deaf and dumb, is dependent upon the child's ability to scream when pinched?

In conclusion, I cannot help rejoicing with the Editor of the JOURNAL to observe *signs* of a return to perspicuity in matters concerning the Combimed System, knowing that the scales of credulity will not be long in falling off from the public eyes and the whole tissue of deceit and humbug spun by this oralistic clique will quickly be torn in pieces and its true character stand revealed.

ISAAC GOLDBERG.
BROOKLYN, May 3, 1915.

A Compliment From the Heart.

An aged man and woman stopped opposite the Central High School building a few days ago and looked across at that rather imposing pile.

They were plainly but neatly dressed, and while it was evident that they were from the rural districts, there was nothing in their appearance to attract comment.

A young man was waiting for a crosstown car close to where the strangers stopped. To him the aged man turned.

"That's the schoolhouse, judge," he said.

"That's the Central High School," replied the young man.

The old man looked interested.

"That's the principal high school, Mary," he remarked to the old lady. Then he turned back to the young man. "We haven't been in Cleveland for a number of years," he said, "an' we're just lookin' around. We take a good deal of interest in schools and school houses."

"Then you have children?" said the young man.

"Just one," replied the old man.

"Of course, he is through school?"

"Long ago," said the stranger. How long is it, Mary?—five years since he graduated, ain't it?"

"Six," said the old lady.

"I guess maybe it is," said the old man slowly.

"Gradnated from your home school, I suppose?" said the young man.

"Yes," said the stranger. "He was our only chlid, an' Mary and I made up our minds to give him just as good an education we could afford, and we did, too."

The young man smiled. He fancied that the boy in question had been given a decidedly limited send-off.

"You say he graduated from the home school?" he said.

"Yes," replied the old man, "but he did not stop there. He wanted to go to West Austintown, and we sent him. Then he wanted to go to Princeton, and we sent him there."

"To Princeton?"

"Yes, an' he was one of the class orators, too, on graduatin', day. It almost broke his heart because mother and I could not be there to hear him. But we didn't feel that we could afford it, did we, mother?"

The young man looked at the old lady. There were tears in her eyes, but she still nodded brightly.

"And your son—where is he now?"

"He's a mining engineer in South Africa. Doing first-rate, too. We hear from him regularly every month. Why, what brought us to town to-day was to get a draft cashed that he sent his mother for a birthday present. Three hundred dollars—five dollars for every year—that's what Joe wrote. Mother's just sixty."

The young man took off his hat to the old lady.

"I wish you many more birthdays madam," said he, "and trust that each will be as pleasantly remembered."

"Do you know what mother said?" inquired the old man, with a sly twinkle in his eye.

"Why, no; what was it?"

"Mother said, 'Let's speak to that young man; he seems so much like Joe.'"

And the young man walked away, feeling that he might journey long and far and not receive so high a compliment.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday, 9 A.M., except May 9th, 3 P.M.
Holy Communion, May 2d, 3 P.M. and May 16th, 9 A.M.
May 9th, Confirmation, 8 P.M.
" 13th, Ascension Day, 8:15 P.M.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday, 3 P.M.
Holy Communion, May 30th.

MAY.

9—St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, 11 A.M
16—Gallaudet Home, 10:30 A.M., Holy Communion.
16—St. George's Church, Newburgh, 3:30 P.M.
23—Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M., Holy Communion.
30—St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, 11 A.M., Holy Communion.
30—Gallaudet Home, 10:30 A.M.

MATHEWSON A SERMON.

You may have noticed that Mr. Christy Mathewson, the famous pitcher of the Giants, is coming into form and looks forward to another successful summer in his business of throwing baseballs for the New York club and the entertainment of New Yorkers.

There is something to be learned from the career of this young man and old pitcher. He is one of many who have in various ways capitalized the recently grown American spirit of "Let George do it!" But Mr. Mathewson's way is more wholesome than many others

We grudgingly take the trouble to elect Governors, Mayors, legislative bodies, appoint committees and so on. Then we feel much annoyed when it develops that these men require some attention at our hands. We are too constantly looking for somebody else to do everything that we feel should be done instead of attending to it ourselves. We have even in thousands reached the point where we are wedded to the idea of vicarious exercise—and these huge concrete ball parks and highly paid ball players are the result. We would rather pay money to see some one else take outdoor exercise than do it ourselves.

Mr Mathewson was naturally willing that we should. He has gained springy muscles, a buoyant health, an unfailing digestion and an excellent income out of our fondness for watching others do what we should be doing. But Mr. Mathewson is not entirely a parasite. The next best thing to enthusiasm over your own outdoor sports is enthusiasm over another's. The enthusiasm is a net gain. The sunlight, the cheering, the tense interest, the glow of triumph—these are all physical and mental benefits. They are a greater good when they come in your own manly play. But they are good thing even when we come by them vicariously.

True Americanism.

True Americanism is this:

To believe that the inalienable rights of man to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, are given by God.

To believe that any form of power that defeats these rights is unjust.

To believe that taxation without representation is tyranny, that government must rest upon the consent of the governed, and that the people should choose their own rulers.

To believe that freedom must be safeguarded by law and order, and that the end of freedom is fair play for all.

To believe not in a forced equality of conditions and estates, but in a true equalization of burdens, privileges and opportunities.

To believe that the selfish interests of persons, classes and sections must be subordinated to the welfare of the commonwealth.

To believe that union is as much a human necessity as liberty is a divine gift.

To believe, not that all people are good, but that the way to make them better is to trust the whole people.

To believe that a free state should offer an asylum to the oppressed, and an example of virtue, sobriety and fair dealing to all nations.

To believe that for the existence and perpetuity of such a state a man should be willing to give his whole service, in property, in labor and in life.—*Henry Van Dyke in Harper's Magazine.*

A Warning.

Since Franklin flew his famous kite, there can hardly have been a stranger accident than one that happened this spring in Virginia. A boy was flying a kite with a thin wire in place of a string It fell across a heavily charged electric light wire, and so sent a current through the boy's body that killed him. We mention the matter because the practice of using a fine wire instead of a string is not at all uncommon, especially among those who fly kites for scientific purposes. A word of warning will not be out of place.—*Youth's Companion.*

CATHOLIC CHURCH NOTICES.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street.—Instruction and Services in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on the first and third Sundays of the month.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue.—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street.—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

BROOKLYN.—Knights of Columbus Hall, Hanson Place and South Portland Avenue.—Religious Instruction at 3:30 P.M., on the fourth Sunday of the month.

Under the direction of
REV. M. R. MCCARTHY, S.J.

Lutheran Mission

St. Matthew's Lutheran Church for the Deaf. Services in the sign-language in the church, 426 Broome Street, every Sunday at 3 P.M.
ARTHUR BOLL, *Pastor.*

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL Station M, New York.
A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

A "Farewell Surprise Party" was given to Mr. and Mrs Charles C. McMann, at their home on 105th Street, on the evening of Monday May 3d.

Mrs. Adolph Pfeiffer, Mrs. S. McClelland and Mrs. Charles Brothner were the committee in charge of the affair.

Mrs. Pfeiffer and her worser half and Miss Leontine Hagedorn went ahead as "scouts" or casual visitors, and prepared things for the influx of friends who were on the way. It was near the hour of nine when the party entered *en masse*, and the surprise was complete. Mr. McMann's den had a six-exposure film hung up in the process of drying, and Mrs. McMann was engaged in examining a couple of filmy creations that are destined to set the pace in fashions at the social functions in California this summer.

Greetings over, the company settled down to conversation for a while and then started a series of games that kept everyone in good spirits until refreshments came in, and they comprised Neapolitan bricks and different kinds of cake.

Just before the dainties were served, Mrs. Pfeiffer placed Mr. and Mrs McMann in the foreground and made a very appropriate speech, in which she extended the greetings of all the friends present and several absent, who wished them both a pleasant trip to the Pacific Coast and a happy time during their prolonged stay till October. She said the committee had no time to purchase a gift, but that in a few days it would be presented. She also gave them messages from absent friends.

Those present were:

Mrs. Buhle, Miss Howard, Mr. Barnes, Mrs. Barnes, Mr. Souweine, Mrs. Souweine, Mrs. Haight, Mr. Hodgson, Mr. J. Fitzgerald, Mr. Bettels, Mrs. Bettels, Mrs Russel, Mr. Lefi, Mrs. Lefi, Miss Lefi, Dr. Chamberlain, Mrs. Chamberlain, Rev. Mr. Keiser, Miss Hagedorn, Mr. Frankenheim, Mr. Simonson, Mrs. Simonson, Mr. Kohlman, Mr. Nuboer, Mr. Kane, Mrs. Kane, Mr. Bryan, Mrs Bryan, Mrs. Fosmire, Mr. Halsey, Mrs. Halsey, Mr. Witschief, Mrs. Witschief, Mrs. Bothner. Mrs. McClelland, Mrs. Pfeiffer.

Mrs. Pfeiffer made a request that all of those present who were going to California this summer should stand up to be counted. There were fourteen—namely, Mr. and Mrs. McMann, Mr. and Mrs. Simonson, Mr. and Mrs. Witschief, Mrs Haight, Mrs. Souweine, Mr. and Mrs. Halsey, Rev. John H. Keiser, Mr. Frankenheim, Mr. Kohlman, Mr. Hodgson.

On April 25th, a surprise party was tendered to Miss Tessie Jacobs by her fiancee, Mr. Louis Blumenthal, in honor of her birthday, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. S. Stolowitz in Brooklyn, N. Y. The guests arrived a short time before Miss Jacobs and her fiancee. On entering the guests rushed forward to greet her and showered gifts of numerous assortment.

Miss Jacobs was greatly surprised, but recovered shortly and expressed her thanks to the guests.

Numerous games were played, in which old and young found great fun. Following the games, dinner was served and the guests agreed that the Waldorf Astoria could not compete. Those who were present follows: Mr. and Mrs P. Kempf, Mr. and Mrs. A Balmuth and children, Mr. and Mrs. S. Stolowitz, Misses S. Sperling, S. Pusin, M. Zucker, Messrs. I. Blumenthal, P Hoenig, H. Redman, L. Baker and L. Fischer.

On Thursday evening, April 29th, the Deaf Mutes' Union League was thronged with ladies and gentlemen, eager to see the stereopticon exhibition of war pictures. Mr. Marx Levy operated the stereopticon with great skill, and Mr. Samuel Frankenheim, standing in the spot-light in full dress, explained the series in the clearest of sign interpretations. The exhibition occupied over an hour and was much enjoyed by all present.

Arthur Hirschler, a former pupil of the Lexington Avenue School, now resides on Longwood Avenue. On April 27th he walked from his home to City Island.

Alex L. Pach was among the six hundred friends who honored Judge John J. Freschi with a dinner at the Hotel Biltmore, last Saturday evening.

The engagement is announced of Walter G. Durian, of Hartford, Ct., and Miss Elsie E. Farnkopf, of Cleveland, Ohio. Miss Farnkopf is a graduate of the Mt. Airy School, and Mr. Durian, a graduate of Gallaudet College, both in 1914. Mr. Durian is now connected with the American School. He is Connecticut State Chief on the Impostor Bureau and on the Executive Committee of the N. A. D.

To Stop Gun-Deafness.

Would you rather lose your hand or your hearing? Probably most persons would prefer the former. Now the enemy's artillery may deprive you of your hand, while your own may make you deaf; hence the conclusion that under certain circumstances one's own gun may be more dangerous than the enemy's. A writer in *The Medical Record*, quoted in *The Scientific American Supplement* (New York, September 26), calls deafness from the concussion of a gun "one of the minor accidents of war;" yet he confesses that it can not be ignored. One discharge of a single piece of artillery may put in jeopardy the hearing of a large number of soldiers. In the course of a prolonged "artillery duel," it would seem a marvel that any one's ears remain intact. Protective devices are imperatively necessary. Says the writer mentioned above:

"The aural injuries to which the soldier is exposed are no different from those of the boiler-maker, of the structural iron-worker, of the sportsman, and of those who are exposed to the shriek of the railway whistle when a train is passing through a tunnel or covered station. Jobson Horne, in *The Lancet*, August 15, 1914, points out that the report of a piece of artillery, the concussion of an explosion, or the firing of a cannon close to the ear may exert its injurious effects upon the nerve-terminals of the ear, may cause rupture of the drum membrane, and may even result in irremediable deafness. During the Russo-Japanese War, among the 1,791 men who were wounded in the naval engagements there were 116 cases of concussion of the labyrinth and rupture and congestion of the tympanic membrane, which cases represented 7 per cent. of the wounded who survived. The injuries to the drum and to the nerve-endings are due to the sudden condensation or rarefaction of the air in the external auditory meatus. As a rule one ear is more affected than the other. Politzer states that with the improvements in modern artillery ruptures of the drum-membrane are now scarcely ever met with. This is attributed to the introduction of breechloaders, and also to the fact that the serving party withdraws to a distance of about twelve paces, with the exception of one man who attends to the firing, but who also stands at a considerable distance.

"In naval warfare, however, the gunners cannot be protected in this manner. Experience has taught the gunner that by keeping the mouth open so as to equalize the air-pressure on each side of the drum-membrane the unpleasant consequences of concussion may be diminished. The toothpick that is chewed by the naval officers while serving the guns partly fulfils this requirement, although a piece of rubber rolled between the teeth would be still better as a means of keeping the mouth partly open.

"The Japanese naval surgeons distributed pledgets of absorbent cotton to the entire crew with the instruction that the ears be plugged up during the firing of guns. In spite of this measure, possibly on account of its careless application in individual cases, many instances of deafness resulted. In 1911 th British Admiralty advised the use of an aural plug consisting of a mixture of plasticine and cotton-wool. Jobson Horne believes that an efficient aural plug shall be close-fitting and impervious, and, while reducing the intensity, of sound, should not prevent hearing; it should be easy to insert and easy to remove intact; it should be non-irritating; it should be inexpensive so that the same plug may not be used repeatedly; and, above all, it must be as nearly antiseptic as possible. Cotton-wool when inserted sufficiently tightly is not easily removed intact and does not long remain sterile when handled by men engaged in gun-firing. The ear-plugs made of vulcanite rubber or celluloid can not be supplied to fit exactly the channel of the ear. They must be made of a substance that retains its shape without hardening or softening and remains ever plastic. A substance having the consistency of jeweler's wax may be produced and may be made to fulfill all the requirements of effectively plugging the ears and at the same time of preventing infection."—*Literary Digest.*

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, *Pastor*, 740 W. Fayette Street.
Rev. J. A. Branflick *Assistant*, [2704 Bernard Street.

Services at Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf, Pierce Street, corner of Schroeder Street, every Sunday at 3:30 P.M. Sunday School at 2:30 P.M. Week day meetings every Thursday evening at eight o'clock, except during July and August. Holy Communion first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

Baptist Minister to the Deaf

Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio.

REV. E. CLAYTON WYAND, M.A.
Ordained Minister.

SERVICES OPEN TO AND FOR ALL.

The minister makes a specialty of Reading and Lectures for Social organizations. Assembly rooms furnished free anywhere in above States.
Address: Keedyville, Md.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Friends of Mrs. J. S Reider gave her a surprise birthday party at the home of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Dantzer, in Tioga, on Monday evening, April 26th. As a means to ward off suspicions of a surprise, Mr. and Mrs. Reider and Miss Gertrude Parker were invited to dine with Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Dantzer that evening, allowing Mrs. Reider to think that the dinner was only in honor of her birthday. Thus the party, the main object of the surprise scheme, turned out very successful later in the evening.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer and Mr. Reider were seated in the former's studio, with the ladies around, and Mrs Reider having her back to the door, when, at about eight-thirty, the friends stole up behind her so quietly that she did not notice it untill a crowd suddenly surrounded her. She was startled, to be sure; but it was not until congratulations and presents were showered upon her that she realized that the affair was in her honor. A pleasant social time followed, during which some games were indulged in. Refreshments were served in the dining room.

Those who joined in this function, besides Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Dantzer; Mr. and Mrs. Reider, and Miss Parker, were: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Sanders; Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Paul; Mr. and Mr. Harry G. Gunkel; Mr and Mrs. Harry E Stevens; Mr. and Mrs Chas. M. Pennell; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Rodgers; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breen; Mrs. Elizabeth Rigg, Mrs. Viola King, Mrs. Gertrude Fritscher; Misses Mamie Hess, Helen Nickel, Jeannette King, Susan Mc Kinney, Elizabeth Peiffer, Maggie Laird, Esther Rappaport, Helena L Bowden, Mae E. Stemple, Nettie Stemple, Kate Moyer, Hannah Reidy, Laura Mueller, and Messrs. Alex S. McGhee, John A. Roach, Laib Hamburg and Arthur Fowler.

The Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Society of the Advancement of the Deaf held its semi annual meeting at the home of Secretary Ziegler in Mt. Airy, on Tuesday evening, April 27th. This meeting was to have been held on the 23d ult., but was postponed to the later date for good reasons. A large amount of business was considered by the Board, the sum of $233 73 was transferred to the Home Fund, John Hart, Esq, Hugh B. Eastburn, Esq, and Mr. Edwin Stanley Thompson, whose terms as Trustees of the Home expire on May 31st, were all re-elected for another term of three years. The date of the Gettysburg convention was fixed on August 13 and 14—two days.

Mr. Samuel S. Haas, of Shamokin, Pa., came on to Philadelphia on April 23d, to attend the P. S. A. D Board meeting, but, the Board failing to meet, he enjoyed a social visit. He remained in town until the afternoon of the following day.

Mrs. C. O Dantzer is confined to the house with an attack of erysipelas. We are glad to say that her case is not of an aggravated form and that it is readily yielding to treatment.

The meeting of the Board of All Souls' Guild will be postponed from May 4th to the 11th, on account of the Diocesan convention which meets here this week.

The Philadelphia Local Branch will hold its monthly meeting at All Souls' Parish House next Saturday evening, May 8th.

A Basket Party will be given at All Souls' Parish House on Saturday evening, May 15th.

Last Saturday night, May the first, Miss Elizabeth Rothemund was tendered a linen shower party, at her residence in Olney. Upon the receipt of the invitation to "an evening company" by Miss Rothemund's three sisters, in honor of her betrothal to Mr. Frank J Kuhn, the announcement of which was recently made, her friends planned to surprise her with a linen shower. The plans were successfully carried out, and Miss Rothemund was taken by surprise when she was handed a big heap of gifts of linen. They were numerous, useful and beautiful. The evening was very enjoyably spent, and some games were indulged in. A dainty collation was served, and at its conclusion some congratulatory speeches were addressed to the guest of honor. Those who had the pleasure of attending the party were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. J. Rothemund, Misses Caroline, Esther and Minnie Rothemund, Misses Edith Ball, Helena L Bowden, Katherine Cardell, Edith Terry, Mary Woods, Esther Rappaport, Rhea Schwermer and Greaves, and Messrs. William Rothemund, Frank J. Kuhn, John A. Roach, Alexander S. McGhee, Erhard D Strecker, George H. Porter, Sylvester Benedict, Myer Barliff, Louis Lovett and C. Sinalty

The Berks County Local Branch will hold a regular meeting on May 6th, and elect committees for the picnic to be held in Kutzton Park in July or August.

Mr. Michael Cashmersac, of Reading, a graduate of Mt. Airy, and Miss Constance Stevens, of Wilkesbarre, a graduate of Scranton School, who were recently married, moved their household goods to 733 Birch Street, Reading, in a handsome residence purchased by him. He is a shoe-laster by trade in the establishment of Curtis and Jones. The couple invited some of their Frat friends to a social party.

Bro. W. K. Clayton, of Ashland, made a flying trip to Williams' Camp of this city, and had a conference relative to organizing a division in Reading.

Charles T. Malone, of Wilmington, Del., was a visitor to All Souls' Church on Sunday. His sister has bought a farm of ninety-five acres, the Beaverville Farm, two miles from Reybolds, Pa., on the Wilmington and Northern R R. He expects to retire from caneing chairs and move with his mother to the farm next year. He is anxious to study hot-house growing of vegetables.

A boy was born to Mrs. Edna L. Seivest, daughter of the late Henry S Stevenson, on Saturday May 1st. She has now two daughters and two sons, all well. Congratulations.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer and Mrs. Geo. T. Sanders were the guests of Mr. Charles T. Malone, in Wilmington, Del., the third Sunday in April. Mr. Dantzer was on his monthly visit to that place, and eight deaf attended his service.

A supper and vaudeville entertainment was given at All Souls' Parish House on Saturday evening, May 1st. The supper lasted from six to eight o'clock. The entertainment consisted of a dialogue on Advanced Geography, between Mr. H. E. Stevens and Miss Mae E. Stemple; a monologue, entitled "Aunty Dolefal's Call," by Mrs. Geo. T. Sanders and Mrs. E. H. Rigg; a farce: A Poor Girl is not always Poor, by Misses Edna Purvis, Esther Snell, Mary Price, Edna Mock, and Mr. Arthur Fowler; a farce: "The Minister and the Maid Servant," by Mrs. Geo. T. Sanders, Mrs. V. King, Mr. W. H. Lipsett, Mr. Geo. T. Sanders, Mr. Chas. W. Waterhouse, and Mr. J. Brenneisen. An enjoyable evening was provided.

The Beth Israel Association of the Deaf will have a lecture next Sunday afternoon. Arrangements have been made to provide instruction to all who desire it after the meeting of the Association on each Sunday. Miss Rose Silnutzer is the teacher.

Philadelphia Division, No. 30, N. F. S.D., will hold its monthly meeting on Friday, 7th inst. This meeting will begin at 8 o'clock sharp.

The Clerc Literary Association held its monthly Social meeting on April 29th.

Rev. B. R. Allabough's Appointments

(11825 Detroit Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.)

MID-WESTERN DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

Dioceses: Pittsburg, Ohio, Southern Ohio, Indianapolis, Michigan, Western Michigan, Lexington, Kentucky.

St. Margaret's Mission—Trinity Episcopal Church, Sixth Avenue, Pittsburg. Mr. F. A. Leitner, Lay Reader. Bible Class, 7:45 P.M. every Thursday.

St. Philip's Mission in the Beaver Valley, Pa. Mr. Collins S. Sawhill, Lay Reader. Services once a month, subject to notice.

All Saints' Mission—Trinity Church, cor. Third and Broad Streets, Columbus, Ohio. Messrs. C. W. Charles and A. H. Schory, Lay Readers. Services, 10:30 A.M. every Sunday.

St. Mark's Mission, St. Paul's Cathedral, cor. 7th and Plum Streets, Cincinnati. Mr. C. W. Charles, Lay Reader. Services, 8 P.M., fourth Sunday of the month. Mr. Charles comes when Rev. Mr. Allabough goes to Columbus.

St. Clement's Mission, Dayton, Christ Episcopal Church, Mr. C. W. Charles, Lay Reader. Services once a month, subject to notice.

Calvary Mission, All Saints' Episcopal Church, Portsmouth, O., Mr. Wm. Cooper, Lay Reader. Services, 2:30 P.M., third Sunday of the month.

Ephphatha Mission, St. John's Episcopal Church, Woodward Avenue and High Street, Detroit, Mich., Mr. H. B. Waters, Lay Reader. Services, 7:30 P.M., every Sunday, except when Rev. Mr. Allabough comes by appointment.

Ascension and St. Bede Missions, Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids respectively, Mr. M. M. Taylor, Lay Reader. Services by appointment.

All Souls' Mission, Christ Church Cathedral, Louisville, Ky., Mr. John H. Mueller, Lay Reader. Services and Bible Class alternately every Sunday at 2:30 P.M.

St. Agnes' Mission, Grace Episcopal Church, Bolivar Road and Prospect Avenue, Cleveland, O., Mr. Wm. F. Durian, Lay Reader. Rev. Mr. Allabough visits this Mission regularly the first Sunday of each month, unless otherwise arranged. (10:45 P.M. Holy Communion and 3 P.M.

MAY

7—Flint, 7:30 P.M.
8—Lansing, 7:30 P.M.
9—Lansing, 10:20 A.M. (Confirmation).
Jackson, 3:00 P.M.
Detroit, 7:30 P.M.
15—Cleveland, 8:00 P.M. (Social.)
16—Cleveland, 10:45 A.M (Holy Communion) and 3:00 P.M.
Akron, 7:30 P.M.
18-19—Cleveland (Diocesan Convention.)
19-20—Columbus (Diocesan Convention.)
21—Springfield, at 7:30 P.M.
22—Columbus, 8:00 P.M. (Social.)
23—Columbus, 10:30 A.M. (Holy Communion) and 3:00 P.M.
School or the Deaf, 2:30 P.M.
24—Bellaire, 7:30 P.M.
25-28—Pittsburgh.
29—School for the Deaf, 7:30 P.M. (Reading.)
30—Pittsburgh, 10:30 A.M. (Holy Communion) and 7:45 P.M.
Greensburg, 2:30 P.M.

LAY READERS.

2—Cleveland, 2:30 P.M., by Mr. W. Durian.
9—Canton, 2:30 P.M., by Mr. Durian.
16—Pontiac, Mich., 2:30 P.M., by Mr. H. B. Waters.
23—Dayton, 10:30 A.M. and Cincinnati, 3:15 P.M., by Mr. C. W. Charles.

"Beauty is only skin deep."

PITTSBURGH

Some two weeks ago the Johnstown people were thrilled by the exhibitions of some Pittsburgh talent. Mr. J. M. Rolshouse took his repertory of magic to that center of industry and let loose a lot of mysteries to entertain the crowd of hearing people and the deaf. Rev. Mr Allabough, Col. Sawhill and Henry Bardes, were also there to lend their aid wherever there was a gap large enough to admit their bulk, both as to size and mental acumen. About sixty of the deaf of that territory were present, and the net proceeds of the entertainment amounted to $45 00. Some push up there!

St. Margaret's Mission had a meeting April 24th, when business and entertainment of a quiet sort consumed the time to the benefit of the members. They keep their watch fires burning by having perodical meetings for business and social enjoyment.

It was reported, much to the regret of his friends, that Thomas Carr had passed to the beyond, then it was found to be a mistake, and after several wrong statements, it was ascertained to be his mother. The loss of a mother is great, and Mr. Carr has the sympathy of numerous friends.

The stork is still busy in these parts. Sometimes his visits are on the sly, as in the Danahey case. Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Danahey were presented with a wee girlie on March 28th, but 'twas only recently that it became known. Congratulations are in order, however.

On April 29th, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Painter became the delighted parents of a nine-pound baby girl, and for which they are profoundly thankful to his majesty, the stork, for the happy selection. The little one has been given the very appropriate name of Virginia Evelyn. Two boys and a girl now embrace the Painter home-circle, and as all are hale and lusty, it is a happy one.

April 29th was also the date of the 40th anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Drum. Friends of the couple to the number of about thirty, assembled at their residence on that date, to help celebrate the event. While it was not meant to be a formal affair and rubies were taboo, quite a number of useful articles were presented as mementos of the occasion. Mr. Drum entertained the company with many reminiscences of old Pittsburg and of the deaf. Mr. Drum was the first Sunday School teacher of the deaf in Pittsburgh—the class which, later, under the management of the late Dr. John G. Brown, developed into the Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf.

Mrs. David Smith, an old-time school friend of Mr. Drum, was present. Mrs. Smith, by the way, had just recovered from a very serious attack of pneumonia and was showing the effects of the siege. Mrs. Smith hopes to be admitted to the Home at Doylestown, of which she and her husband had been enthusiastic supporters.

A few days agone, Mrs. Elizabeth Callahan put in an appearance with a huge bunch of fragrant carnations for her friend, Mrs. Teegarden. While enjoying the fragrance of the posies, they discussed school days some thirty years ago. Wonder if anybody's ears burned about that time. Any way they had a delightful time, ruminating in the old pasture and getting out of tight places under Mr. Logan's regime, during the Turtle Creek days.

On May 1st, under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Social League, Dr. James H. Logan, Gallaudet, '69, delivered a very interesting lecture on "The Great Kingdoms of the World," to a large and appreciative gathering at Washington Hall. Dr. Logan, after giving instances of the rise and fall of great nations, dwelt at some length on the Great Kingdom, that shall embrace the entire world and insure the perfect peace for which the world has been striving from the beginning. Dr. Logan has long been out of practice in the sign language on the stage, but he delivered his lecture in very plain, strong signs, which was his habit in former days. Dr. Logan taught one year (1875) in the Pittsburgh Day School, and then became Principal of the Western Pennsylvania School, at Turtle Creek. Only two of his former pupils were able to be at his lecture. These were Mrs. E. Roessler and Mrs. G. M. Teegarden. They were greatly pleased to see the old master on the platform again. The proceeds of this lecture go to the Home.

After Dr. Logan had retired, Mr. G. F. Grimm, in his usual characteristic style, gave a life-sketch of "The Greatest Inventor in the World," and Mr. Edison was "shown up" in fine style. Mr. McMaster followed Mr. Grimm, and enlarged on Mr. Edison's well known order that no one addicted to the use of tobacco or liquors should be employed in his works. Mac made his remarks decidedly plain, and creepy feelings were in order until he was done. Mr. Andrew Donaldson also spoke at some length.

Mrs. Geo. Chathams and Mr. Jacob Otto, of Altoona, were interested individuals in the audience. There were others from out-of-town, but we did not get their names.

Mr. Wm. Shull, with a very satisfied expression, announced that he had just been initiated as a member of the Allegheny County Lodge, No. 47, Loyal Order of Moose. It was a struggle to get in, but he won out all right. Mayor Armstrong, councilmen, and other prominent men are members of this Lodge. Mr. Shull was glad to get in with such big company. Mr. H. J. Bulger, who was present, said he had been a Moose for a number of years. A number of other persons were mentioned as being members also.

It was announced at this meeting that the Pittsburgh Branch, G. C. A. A., would have an entertainment, in the form of a debate, May 15th. They say it is bound to be interesting. The best way to find that out, however, is to be present when it comes off.

G M. T.

The Deaf Bell-Ringer.

People who have escaped from the fiery furnace of war in Alsace have told this little story of the capture and recapture of an Alsatian village.

"All of us were at work in the fields, in splendid weather for the crop. The sound of the bell of our village church reached us in the air, ringing for the early service. There were a few French soldiers in the village, and detchments were resting, but on the watch, two or three kilometres away. It might have been seven o'clock. The bell in the church tower rang again, but it was another peal. It was the tocsin that rang out with its urgent and incessant clang. It was the stirring call that is sounded in every French village on accasions only of great emergency. We all hastened to our houses with our implement, and still the bell rang on in the belfry with its wild and hurried clamour.

"Far away on the roads horsemen were racing onwards, rasing the dust, and behind them came infantry, along the road, through the crops. The French buglers sounded 'La Generale,' and the rally, and quickly fell back on their supports. We heard then the opening boom of the guns and the sharp rifle fire and rap—tap—tap of the mitrailleuses. The French drove them back for a moment, and rushed through the village at the double. But the Proscoes were not satisfied. They placed more guns in battery, and we heard the detonations of the bursting shell, the scream of the fragments tearing the air and the crash of walls falling in a cloud of dust.

"The French fell back to their position, and were lost to view. But the wild peal of alarm and warning has ended in the steeple, for the tower of the little old church was no more. It had crashed in under the fire of the German guns. The steeple and the bell lay near the door of the church when the French came back, and the old bell ringer lay beneath a heap of indescribable rubbish. He was deaf to everything now. Before he was also deaf, expect to ring the matins, and last of all, to ring the call to "arms."—*British Deaf Times.*

"HELP!"

COMMITTEE: Edwin A. Hodgson, Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J., Rev. John H. Keiser, Mrs. Isaac Goldberg, Mrs. Moses Heyman, Mrs. John H. Keiser, Mrs. Wm. Lipgens.

BULLETIN No. 15.

In response to Miss Yvonne Pitrois' cry for help for the war-stricken Belgian Deaf, who are in need of food and clothing, the following has been contributed and sent to the undersigned:—

Send contributions to Edwin A. Hodgson, Editor DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, P. O. Station M, New York City.)

Previously reported	$635 96
Piqua, O., from Reading given by Mr. A. Beckert (through Oren Riddle, Secretary of Piqua Branch, N. A. D.)	3 50
Grand Total	$639 46

EDWIN A. HODGSON.

Another Victim on the Railroad.

Little Willie Duncan, nine years old, who spent one year in Goodwin Hall, was run over by a freight train at Morrisville last week. His grandfather, acting as guardian, kept him out of school this session contrary to the advice of teachers and Superintendent.—*Deaf Carolinian.*

Some Perfect Day?

[To Margaret J. Syle, Philadelphia.]

Some perfect day thou wilt not need,
To deem thy work a thankless task;
Some perfect day thine eyes shalt read
The meaning hid 'neath blinding mask;
Some perfect day thy prayer and deed
Shall bear the fruit thy spirit asks.

Oh! perfect day, of days to be,
Which safe the loving God doth keep—
Deep hid with heavenly joys for thee,
And rich with sheaves thou yet shall reap;
When those who watch beside thee see
Only that thou hast "fallen asleep."

G. M. DOWNEY.

LANC, April, 1915.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.

May 1st, 1915.—The Advance Society held its monthly meeting, Tuesday evening, with just enough members present to make a quorum. In the absence of the Secretary, Mr. C. W. Charles, President Zell appointed Mr. Zorn to act as scribe. There were no committee reports made; matters pertaining to the annual picnic, May 31st, were talked over. The transportation business was discussed and left to the committee in charge to settle. The street car company has been raising its charges, and last year instead of having a surplus from that source, the committee found itself short a few dollars, so it is likely the rates this year up to the Home will have to be increased a little. After the business meeting, Messrs. Greener and King respectively entertained the members with "The Daring Cossack," and a synopsis of the Barnes-Roosevelt Libel trial. A desultory talk on the European War followed. The next meeting, and the last one before fall, will be held Tuesday evening, June 12th.

The Columbus Branch of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association met in the reception room of the school last evening. Despite the fact that it was the time for the annual election of officers, the attendance was the smallest yet held the past year.

The following will serve: President, R. P. McGregor, '72; Vice-President, Mrs Wm. H. Zorn; Secretary, Miss Cloa G. Lamson, '00; Treasurer, Mr. A. H. Schory, '81. Program Committee—Messrs. C. W. Charles, '89, and Robert Patterson, '70.

The matter of engaging a speaker for Gallaudet Day, was left to the committee on program for decision. An hour was spent in a talk on City and State Government.

Yesterday was circus opening day here, with the Wallace-Hagenbeck show as the feature. The pupils of the school, with their teachers, were stationed along Fourth between Rich and State Streets, and saw the parade as it passed north. For the first time in over a quarter of a century, High Street, the principal thoroughfare of the city, was given the go-by by a show. This was owing to the fact that the street is all torn up between Town and Spring, because of being repaved. Street car traffic on all the routes is out of sorts and has been inconvenient to patrons owing to this, and will continue for a month or more yet.

The deaf impostor act passed the Senate Wednesday and will be a law as soon as the Governor signs it, which he will undoubtedly do if he has not already done so to-day.

Mr. McGregor went down to Cincinnati last Friday afternoon, and in the evening entertained a large number of the deaf with a talk on: How Old is Our World? Sunday he talked religiously in the Wesley Methodist Church, which also was largely attended.

Mrs. Mary Corbett and Miss Ada Anderson, of Bellaire, came over here Tuesday, and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Neutzling. They went up to the Home Thursday, to look up the needs of the Eastern Ohio room, which is under the care of their society in Bellaire.

Men have been at work on the lawn of the school, re-sodding worn places, and also preparing beds for the reception of plants from the greenhouse.

Albert Reedy, of Brown County, visited here Sunday, and met a few people he knew during his school days.

With the end of April came also the end of gymnasium practice for the term. However, the directors will not be at large as they have in preparation the outdoor pageant to be given during Commencement week.

Mr. C. W. Charles went up to Ada, O., Tuesday, to attend the funeral of the husband of his sister.

Mr. Wm. King, accompanied by his mother, gave the religious talk to the residents of the Home Sunday. The Home grounds now hold a young walnut tree from Luther Burbank, the renowned tree and vegetable producer. Mr. Thomas Goldsmith presented it to the Home.

The O. S. S. D. won its first game of base-ball last Saturday, when it beat the Grove City Club on the home grounds, by the score of 8 to 6.

Miss Anna S. Vallance, who has been a storekeeper for some time, has retired, on account of poor health, and is succeeded by Mr. E. P. Buckemyer, of Swanton.

The lawn tennis court on the girls' side of the grounds has been placed in position, and is in use whenever weather conditions permit.

Quite a number of the younger pupils, especially girls, are occupying the hospital. Its only measles of a mild form that necessitates their removal there.

Superintendent and Mrs. Jones were at North Liberty, Tuesday, where the former delivered the Commencement address to the High School Class there.

A. B. G.

FANWOOD.

Prof. E. W. Iles held the interest of the members of the F. L. A., Saturday evening, by an entertaining lecture on the Life and Writings of Sir Philip Sidney. The three important branches of his talk were given with an indisputable flow of originality and were : Sidney's Life from the reign of Henry XII till the time of the Virgin Queen; his writings and chief character of style; Acadia, one of Sidney's best tributes to English Literature.

Perchance the greatest interest of the narration was set forth in the description of Sidney's enthusiastic worldly career, which the speaker rendered in a thoughtful, well-defined mood, proving his masterful ability of the sign-language. His recitals were brief and to the point, modifying a difficult subject to one of interest and understanding.

We were greatly pleased to see the smiling countenance of Dr. Charles A. Leale of the Board of Directors with Principal Currier at the Sunday afternoon service conducted by Dr. Fox. Dr. Leale made a short, encouraging talk to the boys and girls, adding some funny little every-day suggestions that make life merrily roll along. He was looking fine, in the best of health, and with that rich humorous twinkle of good-will.

Of late on Sunday evenings Professor Jones has been entertaining the F. L. A, with stories taken from the famous grand operas. It is indeed a very pleasant treat to see his recitations, which are given in his famous signs expressing action, the senses and scenes. His selection this week was "The Prophet."

"Troubadour," as given last week, we consider one of the best.

The Cadets were reviewed on the lawn Sunday afternoon by Dr. Leale and the Principal. The dress-parade was one of the handsomest spectacles of the drill, though the Butts' Rifle Drill and the Manual of Arms were somewhat inferior to the recent exhibitions, the cadets having a tendency to take life easy as they usually do on warm Sunday afternoons.

The regular Fanwood Military discipline and morning drills keep all in excellent health, something of which we are exceedingly proud and fortunate.

"Spring agriculture," for the beautifying of class-room windows and instruction in nature study, find many a pot and box with new rich soil and sprouts springing up. The pupils take daily interest in the growth of their plants and flowers, for they planted seeds last March. Tadpoles are also additional studies in their globes and trays, happy little fellows frisking about and boys as happy too watching them.

The Band gave a concert Saturday afternoon, at the service for the presentation of the Sunday School Lenten offering for Missions held in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Before the service the boys rendered several appropriate selections before a vast audience of some two-thousand Sunday-school children and parents.

Professors Skyberg and Bjorlee made a journey over to the quite suburbs of Patterson, N. J., last week, to hear a sermon by the Rev. William A. Sunday, dealing with Christian humanity and the Bible.

BASE- BALL

"Land !" "Land at last !" We feel like Columbus, for after what seems an epoch of uncertainty, the swarthy gridiron base-ball athletes are at last pulling for the real thing. It is, indeed, quite pleasing to make mention of the exceedingly good character of the playing of the Fanwood team in last Saturday's game contested by the New York Stars.

The team presented quite an improved line-up with Magraf back in his old place, kicking the dust in the center-field. Ciavolino on the mound, and Lux at first, ready to jump to the aid of Mike, if necessary, but which proved unnecessary, as the aforesaid "hero" decided to distinguish himself. We certainly must pat Michael on the back for the tip-top game he pitched. He was master of the situation at all times, and whenever he faltered, his team-mates came splendidly to his assistance.

There's a general feeling of discontent for not giving the New York Stars the coat of whitewash they deserved, for that run they managed to squeeze over in the last few minutes of the play, certainly could not have been chalked up if the good playing of the first seven innings had been kept up just a trifle longer.

Compliments o' the season to you, boys, and now that we've started keep the ball a-rolling with the enthusiasm that brings a few more (a great many more) wins to our credit. It's a whole lot easier to play when a team is winning, and the material is there to win, if only everybody will "dig in and work to the bottom of the shaft." Score and summary, as played on Fanwood Field at 3:30 P. M. Saturday afternoon.

Fanwood	A	R	H	PO	A	E
Schnapp, l.f.	4	1	3	1	0	0
Margraf, c.f.	3	1	1	2	0	0
Altenderfer, 2b.	3	1	1	2	1	1
Stevenson, 3b.	4	3	3	1	1	0
Edwards, s.s.	4	0	1	0	5	1
Siegel, c.	3	0	2	9	0	1
Lux, 1b.	3	0	0	8	0	0
Rader, r.f.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Burke, r.f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Ciavolino, p.	3	2	2	1	3	0
Total	21	8	13	24	10	3

N. Y. Stars	A	R	H	PO	A	E
Mell, c.f.	3	0	0	3	1	0
Churchill, r.f.	4	0	2	0	0	0
Connolly, l.f.	2	1	0	0	0	0
Conaty, 3b.	4	0	1	1	1	0
Vogel, s.s.	1	0	0	0	1	2
McCabe, 2b.	2	0	0	3	0	2
Ahearn 1b.	3	0	0	5	0	0
O'Brien, p.	2	0	0	0	4	0
Fierney, c.	3	0	0	9	2	1
Total	24	1	3	21	9	5

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
N. Y. Stars	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Fanwood	0	0	0	1	5	1	1	x	—8

Summaries:—Earned runs—Fanwood, 4. Left on bases—Fanwood, 6; N. Y. Stars, 8. Two-base hits—Churchill, 2. Struck out—by O'Brien, 8; by Ciavolino, 8. Base on balls—off Ciavolino, 3; off O'Brien, 2. Sacrifice hits—Margraf, Vogel, McCabe, 2 Stolen bases—Stevenson, 4; Siegel. Hit by pitcher—Ciavolino, 2; O'Brien, 1. Time of game—One hour and fifty-five minutes. Umpire—Mr. Banks. Scorer—Lieutenant Solia Gerschanek.

One of the greatest photographs of the Institution's large family in one body was made Monday morning, on the front lawn, by an agent of the Thompson Photographing Company of Poughkeepsie. The huge gathering consisted of the kindergarten, the entire division of the advanced pupils, the cadet battalion and band, the teaching staff and the complete roster of the household staff with Principal Currier, arranged in a mammoth half-moon posing position. It is estimated that nearly six hundred were grouped. The camera on a high eight-foot tripod was of the revolving type and from its position took a beautiful panoramic view of the assembly, with the great river, the Institution's private highway, and the ivy-mantled Academic Building in the background. We have every reason to hope for a most successful picture for the coming Commencement exhibit.

The Principal is in receipt of a large mounted photograph from Mr. Frank Lux of the Little Rock, Arkansas, School for the Deaf, showing the division and work of the sign-painting class of that school under his supervision. Mr. Lux, of the class of 1910, is widely known at Fanwood as an athlete and all-around charming fellow, and his continued success in his career is honorably admired by his many old friends, teachers, and the Principal.

Mr. James Durand, who acts as tutor to the boys, journeyed over to Kearny, N. J., last week, with some friends to attend a Church Minstrel Show and reports a fine time. He humorously relates the awkward appearance of a troop from the First Regiment, Uniformed Rank, Jr., O. U. A. M. of New Jersey, in their military playlet, and says he feels convinced of the superiority of the Fanwood boys for excellent drill in every department.

Mr. Anthony Capelli, assistant instructor in printing, last week received a summons from the Commissioner of Juries of New York requesting him to serve on jury duty. We all had a good laugh with him, and then gravely he made a journey downtown to be excused on account of deafness.

A squadron of sixty of Uncle Sam's warships will take anchorage in the Hudson River opposite the Institution next Saturday for ten days. The fleet will be reviewed by Secretary Daniels. The Institution, situated on a high embankment, affords a splendid and clear view of the river, and the naval spectacle is looked forward to with keen interest by the pupils.

FRUITS OF MADNESS.

Hovering between life and death yesterday, after they had been attacked with a hatchet by the husband and father in an insane fury, Mrs. Genevieve Mills and Mrs. Eva Hendricks lay on cots at the Receiving Hospital, across the room from Mrs. Clara Daily, who was fighting to keep alive the spark of life that remained after her husband had shot her, while also in a fit of temporary insanity. In the next room lay W. J. Daily, husband of Mrs. Daily, suffering from wounds where a bullet had passed through his chest, while the body of John Mills, a suicide, husband of Mrs. Mills and father of Mrs. Hendricks, lay in the morgue of Pierce Brothers, undertakers.

The tragedy in the Mills and Hendricks home, at No. 4701½ Compton Avenue, occurred early in the morning when John Mills, a deaf-mute, fifty years old, came in from a shed at the rear of the apartment house, with a hatchet, and, pausing for an instant over the body of his daughter, Mrs. Hendricks, he brought it down with terrific force on her head, and then, running to the kitchen of his apartments adjoining, he beat his wife with the same weapon. The daughter awakened from a sound sleep, just in time to see the hatchet poised over her head, but she could do nothing to save herself.

Mrs. Mills, who is also a deaf-mute, was sitting in a chair, hulling strawberries, and, although struck at least six times by blows, which fractured her skull and cut her face and head with deep gashes at every stroke, she remained seated in the chair where she was found five minutes later. Mills, leaving both his wife and daughter apparently dead, threw the hatchet in a closet, went upstairs, and stepping from a window on the second floor, threw himself headlong to the pavement below.

He died a half-hour later.

Mrs. Mills and her daughter were rushed to the Receiving Hospital, where the surgeons performed delicate operations, patching up their broken skulls and closing the gaping wounds. It was found that the younger woman, although receiving only one blow, suffered the worst injury. The hatchet penetrated the skull and into the brain, but she still had a fighting chance for life last night. The mother's fractured skull showed no depressions on the brain and she, too, may possibly recover.—*Los Angeles Times.*

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Messrs. E. W. Frisbee and A. S Tuft, Layreaders.

MAY 1915.

2—Boston at 11 A.M. Mr. Frisbee.
Lynn at 3:30 P.M. Mr. Frisbee.
Christ Church, Hartford, Conn., at 3:00 P.M. Mr. Tufts.
6—Friday, New England Home for Aged Deaf-Mutes at 3:00 P.M. Mr. Frisbee.
9—Boston at 11 A.M. Mr. Frisbee.
Salem at 2:15 P.M. Mr. Frisbee.
16—Boston at 11 A.M. Mr. Frisbee.
Haverhill at 3:00 P.M. Mr. Frisbee.
23—Boston at 11 A.M. Holy Communion
Providence at 3:00 P.M. Mr. Frisbee.
Worcester at 3:30 P.M. Rev. Mr. Heffion.
30—Boston at 11 A.M. Rev. Mr. Heffion.
Farmington, N. H. at 11 A.M. Mr Frisbee.

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PROGRAM.

May 16—Sunday afternoon—Movies. Free.
May 22—Whist, 35 cents.
June 6—Flags of All Nations. 15 cents.

N. A. D. MOVING PICTURE FILMS.

The following films are ready for exhibition purposes :—

1. The Lorna Doone Country of Devonshire, England. By Dr. E. M. Gallaudet. It is 1075 feet long and was made in Washington, D. C., in 1910.
2. Presentation Week at Gallaudet College, showing panorama of Gallaudet College, Presentation Day, and Class Day. Length 460 feet and was made in May, 1911.
3. Extracts from addresses by Mr. R. P. MacGregor, including: "The Irishman and the Flea" and "The Queen and the Cake." Length 200 feet and was made in Chicago in December, 1912.
4. Emperor Dom Pedro's visit to Gallaudet College. By Dr. Edward Allen Fay Length 1,000 feet. Made in Washington, D. C., in June, 1913.
5. The Universal Brotherhood of Man and Fatherhood of God. A lay-sermon by Mr. R. P. MacGregor. Made in Washington, D. C,, in July, 1913. Length 1,000 feet.
6. Memories of Old Hartford. By Dr. John B. Hotchkiss. Length about 1,100 feet and made in Washington, D. C., in July, 1913.
7. The Escape of Abbe Sicard. By Dr. James L. Smith. Length 415 feet. Made in Chicago, in July, 1913.
8. The Preservation of the Sign Language. By George William Veditz. This was taken at the Cleveland Convention of the N. A. D., in August, 1913, and is about 1,000 feet long.
9. A Memorial Address at the tomb of Garfield. By Mr. Willis Hubbard. This film shows a good view of the tomb with several hundred delgates to the Cleveland Convention in the foreground. Length about 800 feet. Made in August, 1912.
10. The Death of Minnehaha. By Mrs. Mary Williamson Erd. Introduction by Mr. Jay C. Howard. Length 1,050 feet. This film was made during the Cleveland Convention. The photographing wasdone on the estate of Mr. John D. Rockefeller by special permissi of Mr. Rockefeller.
11. A Plea for a Statue of De l'Epee in America. By Rev. Mr. Cloud and Father McCarthy. This film was also made in Cleveland during the N. A. D. convention. 400 feet long.
12. Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf, at Staunton, Va., in July, 1914. This film shows a group picture of the delegates, also thirty-three superintendents of State schools for the Deaf, taken in small groups. It is about 400 feet long and very interesting.
13. Signs and Signs. By Dr. J. S. Long. Length 400 feet. This film was made in Washington, D. C., in July, 1914.
14. The Lord's Prayer. By Rev. Mr. Flick. Length about 60 feet. Made in Chicago.

Other films are being planned. Suggestious concerning whom to select as lecturers, and any suggestions pertaining to the management of the films, will be gladly received.

I shall be pleased to correspond with and give what help I can to persons desiring to use the films. Our films have been shown in different sections of the country and always with pleasure and profit to those who have seen them.

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